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ROLAND UNEXPECTEDLY ENCOUNTERS FANNY GRAY.

ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE BOATMEN'S COLONY.

If my readers will bear in mind the excitement of mind and body through which I had recently
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passed, and the hardships to which I had been exposed in that dreadful night on the Goodwin Sands, they will not be astonished that for many days I was very near the grave. I was, as I afterwards learned, in a high fever, and, the greater

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part of that time, insensible. On recovering—waking, as it seemed to me, out of a long, weary, troubled sleep—I was surprised to find how weak I had become, so that I could scarcely raise myself in bed. For I was in bed, which, though small, was a comfortable one. The room, too, was one of the smallest, not to be deemed a closet; and if I had not been convinced to the contrary, by the immovableness, or rather the motionlessness and stability of the dwelling, whatever or wherever it might be, I could easily have imagined myself shut up in the cabin of a ship afloat.

Everything around me was “ship-shape.” My bed-place was a sailor’s berth, and the room was fitted up with lockers, thus economising space. The walls declined from the perpendicular just as in a ship’s cabin, and were hung with just the sort of articles for use or ornament that might be expected to be found there, and only there. The window, of four panes, was composed of thick greenish glass, and had evidently, I thought, at some time done duty in another sort of habitation. So had the door, and the panelled wainscoting, which, small as was the room, was composed of a variety of patterns and fashions; and so had the large and costly looking-glass, now disfigured with a crack, which was let into the wall, and formed one of the larger panels. Ship-like also was the strong smell of tar or pitch which pervaded the room; and ship-like the sound of murmuring waves, which reached me distinctly enough as I lay wondering for what further mysteries I was reserved.

There was not any mystery, however, in any of this. Simply, I had fallen into the hands of a kind, rough, benevolent, half-amphibious being, who dwelt—when on land—in a wooden tenement close upon the beach, and forming one of a little colony of boatmen’s dwellings, having a bleak waste of sand behind and the ocean in front, but whose true home might be said to be on the sea.

Partly fishermen, partly smugglers, I am afraid—I may say this now, for the cottages have disappeared, and the colony has long since dispersed—my rescuer and his companions picked up a scanty, or at least a precarious addition to their “ways and means,” by salvage from the Goodwin Sands, or, as they termed this grave of many a noble wreck, “the Good ens;” but, unlike the wreckers of more inhospitable coasts, they were never known to lose an opportunity of saving life when it was in their power to do so, though to the certain diminution of their gains. Thus, though the wreck of the “General Washington” offered, in its breaking up, a tempting prize to Steb or Stephen Bourne, and his two fellow boatmen and partners, and though other boats were hastening to the sands to pick up its waifs and strays, humanity had impelled them to neglect their own interests in saving me, and in attempting to save my poor companion from perishing in the rigging. And when they found that I was rapidly sinking from the effects of cold and exposure to the storm, Stephen Bourne had taken me to his own cottage, and brought back the flickering spark of life.

All this I learned afterwards; but before I had so far progressed as to be able to crawl out to the beach, I asked what had become of poor Ned; and then for the first time I learned that he had vainly battled with his last storm. He, and two or three

bodies which had been washed on shore the next day, had been buried in one common grave.

I might dwell long on the homely hospitality I received from my preservers; I could tell how the women of the little colony vied with each other in their kindness to the shipwrecked youth, and how the children of all ages—for almost every cottage had its fair allowance of these—tempted me daily to play with them on the beach. I could say something, too, of the habits of the boatmen themselves—how they lounged about in calm sunshiny weather, smoking their short pipes on the beach, or seated in their boats, drawn up high and dry on the strand, as though neither sea nor boat, nor life itself, was much concern of theirs; but how, in rough and threatening weather, when other folk are glad of a roof to cover them, they were on the alert, and their boats manned in readiness for service, if not already miles out in the boiling waves. I could tell something, too, of mysterious trips on dark nights, when their success in fishing was too small, I fear, to account for the exultation expressed on their safe return; and I could repeat the stories I heard of dangers braved and escaped in their hazardous calling, as well as mournful histories of former companions who had perished in it. There was, indeed, as far as I could learn or can remember, scarcely a family in the whole colony, of which some member had not, at one time or other, and even recently, been lost at sea; and it seemed to be looked upon almost as a matter of course, that but few of the male inhabitants of the place would die either of old age or on their beds. Yet they did not seem unhappy at the thought. Habit, perhaps, had bred indifference, and the constant sight of danger, and contact with it, had deprived it of its terrors. All this, as I have said, I could enlarge upon; but I must hasten on my narrative.

I had been three or four weeks the guest of my preserver, and had almost recovered my lost strength, when a weekly newspaper, which, after doing duty in the public-house of the neighbouring town, was circulated among those of the boatmen who could read, was lent to me. And there I saw, in the shipping intelligence, that the “General Washington,” an outward-bound American barque, had been wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, and “all lives lost.” That this was incorrect in its last clause, my readers know; but I was not sorry that the error had crept into public print. I had been painfully debating in my mind what course to take for the future; and though no other resource seemed open to me but to return to London, I could but foresee the dangers which would beset me there, if it were known that I had escaped from the wreck. Now, however, those who were so concerned in my expatriation would in all probability have obtained the intelligence which had accidentally met my eye, and, believing that I was drowned, would give themselves no further concern about me. It was true that accident might also reveal to them that I had escaped; and I well knew that if any of the iniquitous gang of Thieves’ Castle were to light upon me, intelligence would be conveyed to the unhappy man who called himself my father; but this danger would not perhaps be greater in London than in the country; and, at all events, trust-

ing to the divine Providence which had, as I firmly believed, watched over me up to that period, I determined to return to the only refuge I had, and the only mart for my future industry, praying that I might be lost in the crowd, and thus delivered from the unprovoked enmity and persecution of unreasonable men.

Perhaps there were other motives which urged me to venture so near to the lion's den. Many years had passed away since I saw the last of my kind and motherly protectress; but her image had not faded from my memory, nor affection towards her from my heart; and though all the efforts I had since made had been ineffectual in discovering her retreat, I did not yet despair of finding poor Peggy Magrath: but to attempt this, it was needful for me to be in London, for where else could she have taken refuge?

And then, my interest had not quite faded away as regarded my former little teacher and friend. I may even say that it had revived. I wanted some one to whom I could confide all the secrets of my past trials, my hopes and my fears, and who would sympathize with and advise me. Who so likely to do this as Fanny Grey? I wished, too, to tell her that I had found the heavenly Friend of whom she had told me, and to make her heart glad with the tidings that I was no longer a sullen rebel against a kind and gracious Father in heaven and a loving Saviour. Yes, I would find out where Fanny was, and tell her what great things God had done for me, in putting his grace and fear into my soul.

I have since thought it strange that it did not once enter my thoughts, or my plans, to reveal to the police of those days the mysteries of the place which I have called Thieves' Castle, so far as I knew them. And yet it is not so strange, when it is remembered that in doing so I should have given evidence against my own father; and that, if he had been brought to justice, I should have had to appear against him as his accuser. Besides, what had I to reveal? I had been conveyed to a secret assembly of rogues, and thence conveyed to a yet more secret stronghold. I had there heard and witnessed much which had assured me that it was a den of villany; and, refusing to cast in my lot with those who lived by dishonesty, I had narrowly escaped being murdered, and had more narrowly still escaped from the hands and designs—whatever those designs were—of hardened kidnappers. All this I could have told; but what evidence could I have adduced in proof of my assertions? Where was this secret midnight resort? where the more secret stronghold? I could not tell. Then, who could vouch for my respectability and truthfulness? No one besides a cunning old ostler, of no very unimpeachable character himself, and a drunken tailor. Added to this, I had had my own experience of police courts, and I did not want any further acquaintance with them. But I have wandered somewhat from my story: let me return.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I AM ON MY WAY TO LONDON, AND FALL IN WITH GOOD COMPANY.

THE kindness of the boatmen did not terminate with my restoration to strength. Unknown to

me, they raised a subscription for my benefit in the town, which was about a mile from their colony; and on the day of my departure I was not only reclothed from head to foot, in a smart rig of sailors' slops, jacket, shirt, shoes, and tarpauling hat, but had in my pocket enough money to pay my expenses to London. I had not told my history to these rough-handed but kind-hearted people; nor were they curious to know it. They knew only that I had been shipwrecked, and was in distress, and that was enough.

"Look-ye here, mate," said Stephen Bourne to me, and clapping his tarry hand on the shoulder of his eldest boy, a curly-headed fellow, some ten or twelve years old, when I tried to express in suitable words, and with a full heart and overflowing eyes, my sense of his humanity and liberality—"Hold your tongue, and look-ye here. Here's young Stib; some of these days he'll be a sailor, d'ye see, and, mayhap, what's been your luck may be his luck; and as God has helped me and young Stib's mammy to do to you, so I hope he'll help somebody else to do to him. So 'tis as broad as 'tis long, you see; and if so be he never wants it, why so much the better; and so here's good bye t'ye." And thus we shook hands and parted on the road that was to take me Londonwards.

It was a fine morning in early spring that I started on my walk of seventy or eighty miles; but the distance was no matter, for I was not pressed for time, and my spirits rose with almost every step I took. This was the second time in my life that I had been many miles out of London, and I could but compare the circumstances of those two journeys. In the first I was a poor, helpless, and all but deserted child, dependent on a stranger's affection. I was ignorant, and shut out almost entirely from the influence of right example and wholesome restraint—a stray wail of humanity, to be cast upon the festering heap of human corruption, to be trained to evil, and uncurbed by any intelligent notions of right and wrong. In the second, I was strong and active; a good constitution, with God's blessing, had contributed to this, and the very trials and rough experiences through which I had passed had taught me to rely on my own exertions; so that, though yet scarcely more than boy in years, I had none of the shrinking timidity of youth. More than all, I had learned to say, "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up. God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble." And when I thought of this, and of the way by which I had been led to an acquaintance with my heavenly Father, my heart seemed almost too full of joy to contain it.

With such reflections as these, I bounded along the roads, between hedge-rows just putting out their early buds, and with larks overhead warbling their joyful songs, and primroses just peeping out of mossy banks, and giving me as much heartfelt pleasure as if they had been made for my especial delight. Men, too, were at work in the fields, and the occasional whistling of ploughmen and boys was pleasant to my ears; while the passengers I encountered on the road spoke kindly and cheerily to me.

And so I went on that day, and the next, and

the next, sleeping at night in decent village public-houses, in clean and comfortable beds, (for I had no vagrant look about me now, and I could pay the moderate demands of kind-hearted hostesses, who looked with interest on the sailor lad whom they probably supposed had just come home from sea); and lingering sometimes on my journey, or when I stopped in the day-time to rest, to admire the beautiful prospects of hill, valley, woodland, and farm-land which lay in my route; and at other times to examine the busy old towns through which I passed.

It was, then, the evening of the third day of my journey, and when I had accomplished about half the distance to London, that I was walking somewhat slowly and wearily along the turnpike-road, when I heard the sound of wheels behind, and in a minute or two a farmer's cart passed me, drawn by a strong horse, and driven by a stout comfortable-looking man in the Kentish farmer's ordinary market dress of that day—namely, a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, hard and thick enough for a helmet, and with a rough surface, technically, I believe, called "dog's hair;" a chocolate-coloured silk kerchief loosely tied round his throat, above which appeared an ample allowance of shirt-collar; a smock-frock, white as driven snow, covering his ample chest and broad shoulders, with curiously-worked shoulder-straps, collar, and gussets, full and flowing in body and sleeves, and reaching down, when the wearer stood upright, to his knees, or a little below them; and stout buff-leather leggings, gaiters, or "spats," connecting the thick-nailed, tightly-laced half boots on his feet, with small-clothes of worsted cord, fastened at the knees with pearl buttons. Such was his attire.

It is almost superfluous to say that I did not notice all these items of costume as the vehicle and the driver rapidly passed me; and as the shades of evening had begun to fall, I could scarcely have distinguished the farmer's features. But he had not passed me many yards before he pulled up, and waited till I was by his horse's side.

"Far to go to-night?" he cried out, with a hearty voice and tone which thrilled, I could not for the moment guess why, on my startled thoughts.

I promptly answered him, however, "Not very far, I believe, sir—only to the next village."

"And that's four miles," said he. "Hard druv, are you? Tired?"

"Rather tired; I have had a long day's walk, sir," I replied, looking curiously and eagerly at the speaker, but it was too dark for me to tell what or who he was like.

"Thought so," said he; "could tell it by your limp. Have a ride? The place you speak of is all in my way home."

"Thank you, sir, I should be very glad——"

"Up, then; that's hearty," giving me a hand on to the foot-board. "Now, then, Smiler: woa, good lass!"—this to his mare. "All right, is it?"—this to me.

"All right, sir," I said, taking a seat by his side, and in a moment we were in full trot along the road.

I knew him now; for in getting into the cart I

had caught a nearer and fuller sight of his face. He was my kind old friend of Covent-garden memory.

"Where are you from?" he demanded, in a hearty tone, before I had had time to recover from my surprise.

"From near Deal," said I. "I have been shipwrecked on the Goodwins; but don't you know me?" I added.

"Know you, eh? Well, let's have a look;" and he turned and honoured me with a broad stare, but without any other result than a shake of the head.

"I know you, though, sir," I said; "you were very good to me at one time."

"Don't know nothing about it," said he. "There's some mistake, I reckon."

"No, there is not indeed," I said, earnestly.

"Don't you remember Covent Garden Market, and Roland Leigh?"

"Hallo!" he cried out; "why, you don't mean to say so? let's look at you again. You Roland Leigh—little Roley, as I used to call you?"

"Yes, sir, I am; and you don't know how much I have wanted to see you since then, to thank you for your kindness."

"Oh, that was nothing; but come now tell us all about it. Where have you been? What have you been doing? I must know all about it, because——"

"Because why, sir?" I asked, when he stopped short.

"Well, never mind about the why and the wherefore," he replied. "How was it I lost sight of you all at once?"

I told him of my accident at Smithfield, and my long nursing in the hospital; and how that, when I afterwards went to look for him in the market, he had disappeared.

"Sure," said he; "that was the time I gave up my old farm up London way, and took a bigger one down here; so you see I'd done with Covent Garden from that time. Well, how have you been getting on since then, Roley? and how came you to be a sailor?"

I was not a sailor, I explained; I had only begun to be one when the vessel I was in was wrecked. And, without telling him how I had got on ship-board, I gave him the particulars of the recent disaster.

"It was a merciful Providence that saved your life, Roley," said my old friend; "and I reckon you won't be in a hurry to go to sea again, eh? But you haven't told me all you have been doing all these years."

"I should like to tell you all, sir, if you would not mind hearing it," I said; for a sudden impulse urged me to open my mind to the farmer. Perhaps he would believe me, and would give me some good advice about my future course. And if he did not, and should look upon me suspiciously, I should only be where I was before. So I began at the beginning, and told him, in short, not only the history of the last four or five years, but the story of my whole life. I need not go over it again; for I have been as ingenuously open to my readers now as I was to my old friend then. He heard me to the end, only interrupting me now and then with a question, or interposing

an ejaculatory sort of note of admiration syllable, but whether of incredulity or sympathy I could not exactly judge. And when I had finished my narrative, he said nothing for some time, and we drove on in silence. Presently, however, he suddenly cleared up:—

"So you met with poor Fanny Gray's father, eh? and your own father too; and you have learned to read the Bible; and you've *garned* your bread honestly, Roley?"

"I hope so, sir," said I.

"Hope so! then you arn't sure of it?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure of it," I said, quite confidently.

"I believe you, lad," he said, looking me full in the face again—the moon had risen and was shining right upon us: and I could see at a glance, as he turned his face towards me, that he had not been unmoved by my story, though, indeed, I only told it simply, and just as everything had happened:—"yes, I believe you," he repeated; "I believe every word you have told me; and you're a fine lad; I always said you'd got the right stuff in you, if you could be got to put it to the right use. And the Bible's the book to tell us how to do that, eh? And so, you are going to London again! What will you do when you get there?"

I did not know. I could go back to my old employment at Smithfield; but I should try to get into more respectable service, if I could. Such was the purport of my reply.

"Ah, to be sure! Smithfield was a queer place for a young fellow; and as to that, Covent Garden wasn't much better perhaps. Well, here we are, though," he continued, breaking off his speech, and turning up a lane, towards a comfortable-looking farm-house about a hundred yards or so from the turnpike road: "now then, Smiler; gently, poor old mare; she smells the corn-bin, she does."

"If you please, I'll get down now, and thank you for giving me the lift," I said.

"No, no," said he, "we won't part so, neither: 'there's a bit of bread and cheese, or bacon, or sommat, in the cupboard, I reckon; and I shouldn't wonder if you're hongry, I shouldn't; and—here we are;" and as he said this, the horse stopped of its own accord at the gate of the farm-house; and at the same moment the door opened, letting out a blaze of light from a bright wood fire, and at the same time a young woman tripped towards us.

"Is it you, uncle?" she asked, before she had reached the gate.

"Ay, it is me, Fanny, and somebody else," said the farmer, throwing the reins to a labouring man who had made his appearance, and springing from the cart with more agility than his great bulk would have promised. "Now then, Ro—, out with you; or shall I call Fanny to help you?" he half whispered.

"Fanny! Fanny!" I exclaimed, like one waking out of a dream, and jumping out of the cart, with such headlong precipitancy that I had nearly fallen. "If you please, sir, do tell me whose voice it was I just heard."

"Whose, Roley? Why, Fanny Gray's to be sure."

ON SNUBBING.

THERE are few persons who, at some period or other of their lives, have not an interest, either direct or indirect, in the training of children. To such, therefore, whether parents, relatives, or teachers, one word or two of advice may be offered; and we would especially recommend the importance of avoiding that mode of correction commonly called *snubbing*. The word itself is banished from polite society; but, alas! the custom is by no means equally proscribed. The sound is, to some extent, significant of the sense. "To snub" is certainly not euphonious, and would sadly offend the ears of many who are addicted to the habit. Snubbing is of various kinds; for instance, there is the snub direct, sharp and decisive, that knocks the tender, sensitive spirit at once; there is the covert snub, nearly allied to being talked at; the joceous snub, veiling the objectionable form of reproof under an affected pleasantry; and there is also a most unpleasant form of snubbing, frequently used by well-meaning persons to repress forwardness or personal vanity. It is very true that children and young people often exhibit forwardness, vanity, and many other qualities extremely distasteful to their wiser elders; but it is questionable if snubbing was ever found an effectual cure for such faults. It may smother the evil for the time; but in such cases it is better to encourage children to speak their thoughts freely, patiently and gently to show them where they are wrong, and trust to a kind voice and tender indulgence to win the hearts that snubbing would most certainly sooner or later alienate.

So far, then, from snubbing curing faults of character, it will be found on close examination to be a fruitful source of evil; it renders a timid child reserved, and it may be deemed fortunate if the conscientious principle is strong enough to preserve him from direct deceit. Indecision of character, too, is a common result of snubbing; for there can be no self-reliance when the mind is wondering within itself whether such or such an action will be snubbed. Some dispositions may in time become tolerably callous to reproof; but it rarely happens that even those most seasoned by incessant rebukes ever entirely lose the uncomfortable feeling which snubbing occasions. It is, in fact, a perpetual mental blister, and it is grievous to see how blindly people exercise it on those they dearly love. It may occur to some, who can think as well as snub, that the benefit to be derived from anything calculated to wound sensitive feelings, must be very questionable; but the plain fact is, that nine times out of ten it is done unthinkingly and from the impulse of the moment. It may be but a "small unkindness" at the time, the words forgotten as soon as uttered; but in many instances the effects of a snubbed childhood last a lifetime. These remarks are offered in the hope that they may be useful in pointing out the evil of this very prevalent habit. It is most certainly a violation of the holy commandment of doing to others as we would be done by, and requires to be diligently watched against. There is no one addicted to the practice of snubbing others who likes to be snubbed himself. The law of love should not only dwell in the heart, but should also baptize the lips.

DR. LIVINGSTON AND HIS AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

I. OUR IGNORANCE OF THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.—EARLY EXPLORERS AND THEIR FATE.—THE NATURAL PRODUCTIONS OF THE INTERIOR.—EFFORTS AT EVANGELIZATION.—STATION AT KURUMAN.—EARLY LIFE OF DR. LIVINGSTON.

WHILE the gentlemen of England sit at ease in their homes, repose on downy beds, or move about in luxurious style upon the rail—passing rapidly over streams, marshes, and moors, without inconvenience—compassing hill and valley with no perceptible change of level—there are fellow countrymen, gentlemen by birth and education, who have none of these accommodations for stationary life and transit. No home is known for months together, sometimes for years; and no facilities for locomotion are enjoyed beyond their own feet, with now and then a canoe, an oft-jaded steed, or a bullock-waggon, though immense distances are accomplished, over plains of untracked sand, or through wilds savage in appearance, difficult in reality, and dangerous from their brute or human inhabitants. Allusion is of course made to those who are out on exploring tours in various countries beyond the bounds of cultivated society—some actuated by the love of enterprise, others by that of science, and others inspired with the noble ambition of becoming the pioneers of civilization and religion to barbarian heathen races. One of the most adventurous, meritorious, and successful of the latter class is named at the head of this article, the scene of whose journeyings—Africa—has so long excited the curiosity of Europeans, invited attempts at exploration, and still remains with a vast extent of its area which can only be represented by a vacant space upon our maps. We have hitherto intentionally refrained from reference to his remarkable enterprise, the importance of which it is scarcely possible to over-estimate, deeming a sober and comprehensive examination of it preferable to a hurried notice.

The great continent beyond the waters of the Atlantic, the very existence of which was not known to the civilized world four centuries ago, has been traversed from the icy borders of the polar ocean to the volcanic cones of the Land of Fire; and from the range of the buffalo on the grassy prairies of the Missouri, to the realm of the condor on the snow-clad head of Chimborazo. But Africa—so comparatively contiguous—so grand in history, with a name which has been stamped for ages upon its page—the cradle of the Jewish legislator, and the asylum of the infant Saviour—the scene of Greek and Roman prowess under an Alexander, a Scipio, and a Cæsar—the prime emporium of oriental commerce after the fall of Tyre, and the great repository of literature under the Ptolemies—is still in its interior regions beyond the bounds of geographical knowledge, a land of mystery to the white man, with millions of square miles of territory which his foot has never pressed, nor his eye seen.

It is curious to connect this ignorance of the near and approachable, with our knowledge of the distant and inaccessible. Though separated from the lunar world by a vast extent of celestial space, which mortals can never pass, reliable information has been obtained respecting the contour and

scenery of the far-away orb. We are certain that it is not a steppe-like region, but diversified with mountains, crags, plains, gullies, and abysses—that stupendous heights rise with the abruptness of vertical walls, and stretch away in immense curvilinear chains upon its surface. We are even approximately acquainted with the diameter of the circular inclosures, the altitude of the bounding ramparts, can follow the tapering elongation of their shadows, and mark the sunlight resting upon the towering peaks, while the valleys at their base are immersed in the gloom of sunset. But though thus familiar with definite features in the remote and unapproachable domains of nature, we are profoundly ignorant of the physiognomy of an intertropical portion of our Home-Earth—whether it spreads out as a sandy desert and stony plain, abandoned to the ostrich and the simoom, or has grand elevations mingling with the clouds, skirted with lovely valleys, flowing waters, and luxuriant forests. The case is the more remarkable, as our own ships have sailed along the shores of the mysterious region for three hundred years, while a portion of the northern coast-line is daily overlooked by a British garrison on the rock of Gibraltar, and strips of land in the west and south have long formed a part of our colonial empire.

Attempts have not been wanting to solve the problem of Central Africa; and the solution approaches. They revive painful reminiscences—the memory of gallant-hearted men who have lost their lives in the task of exploration, which, in such a region, requires the courage of a lion and the endurance of a camel. The names of John Ledyard, Frederick Horneman, Dr. Walter Oudney, Captain Clapperton, Major Denham, John Richardson and Dr. Overweg, occur in the list of those who have fallen victims either to the climate or the hardships of their pilgrimage. But a more melancholy enumeration may be made. Major Houghton perished, or was murdered, in the basin of the Gambia. The truly admirable Mungo Park was killed in an attack of the natives, at a difficult passage of the Niger. The same fate befel Richard Lander in the lower course of the river. Major Laing was foully slain in his tent, at a halting-place in the Sahara. John Davidson was assassinated soon after passing the fringe of the desert. Dr. Cowan and Captain Donovan disappeared in the wilds of Southern Africa, no doubt by violence, while attempting to penetrate to the Portuguese settlements on the east coast, successfully reached by Dr. Livingston.* As this is the region which will be henceforth under notice, some preliminary observations may be indulged, referring to its geographical, natural, and religious history.

The grand altar-like mountain, generally capped with clouds, which overlooks Cape Town and Table Bay, near the southern extremity of Africa, was discovered by the Portuguese under Bartholomew Diaz, in the year 1486. Owing to the terrible storms encountered in its neighbourhood, he denominated the cape, *Tormentoso*, a name which his sovereign changed to that of

* While these pages are passing through the press, intelligence has been received of the assassination of Dr. Vogel, in the country eastward of Lake Chad.

Cabo de Boa Esperanza, Cape of Good Hope, as of better augury. Ten years later, Vasco-da-Gama passed round the southerly projection of the continent, and opened the maritime highway to the shores of India. In the reign of James I, two commanders of the English East India Company formally took possession of the country, but no attempt was then made to found a settlement. In 1650, it was colonized by the Dutch, and remained in their hands nearly a century and a half, during which time the boers or farmers spread themselves in the interior. In 1795, the dependency was captured by a British armament. After being restored to the Dutch in 1802, it was retaken by the British in 1806, and permanently annexed to the empire.

The tropic of Capricorn may be regarded as the line of division between Central and Southern Africa. At this point the continent extends east and west about 1300 miles, and stretches nearly 700 miles southward to the Cape. This region includes very varied scenes, but has not been by any means fully explored. There are mountainous ranges, visited at their summits with keen frosts and heavy snow-falls, the gorges of which are river-beds, fringed and largely overgrown with gigantic reeds and creepers; splendid forests of the stately and park-like acacia, in the branches of which the social grossbeaks chiefly rear their interesting and singular nests; monotonous sand-plains, upon which the sun glows hotly, stretching out to an apparently interminable extent, with only a thin sprinkling of grasses, and no trees, but a few dark green mimosas straggling along the narrow and often dry water-courses; and levels equally vast, but more stony and wildly sterile—

"A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears, to refresh the aching eye,
But barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round."

But even where the desolation is most complete, the traveller may be brought to a stand, as was Gordon Cumming, by the exquisite air-plant, with its bright scarlet hues, growing in the crevice of a granite block. "In the heat of the chase," says the modern Nimrod, "I paused spell-bound, to contemplate with admiration its fascinating beauty."

Thinned as the animal races have been by the white man's rifle, and scared northward by his advance from the south, the large quadrupeds—zebras, gnus, gemsboks, quaggas, steinboks, elands, and giraffes—are found in prodigious numbers, especially towards the tropic, and may be encountered migrating in vast swarms, indiscriminately mingled with troops of ostriches in company, when severe drought compels them to quit their customary haunts in search of pasture.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeste graze,
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline,
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively,
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
As he scours with his troop o'er the desolate plain,
And the timorous quagbra's whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day,
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste."

The formidable classes also muster in great force on advancing northerly from the long-settled districts—lions, leopards, hyænas, rhinoceroses, elephants, and buffaloes, with hippopotami and crocodiles. Not less prominent among the perils of the wilderness are the deadly puff-adders and cobras. Nor must troops of enormous baboons be forgotten, grinning and grunting, ready and able, in a few minutes, to hug and scratch the life out of the unlucky intruder into their domain, who is mad enough single-handed to offer them exasperation. Still, the risk in travelling is not so great as might be imagined, where proper caution is exercised by an exploring party efficiently equipped. But it is difficult to secure constant vigilance in the case of numbers; and hence the fatal casualties have not been few, while the hair-breadth escapes are many, in the records of African adventure. The great hazard and misery connected with journeying arise from causes which are not apparently formidable—exposure to the heats by day and the chills by night, with precarious supplies of absolute necessities; and myriads of insects, some of which, as the bush-tick, take up their quarters beneath the skin, and produce intolerable irritation till they are dislodged.

Remarkably does animal life vary as to the scale on which it is exhibited—from the tiny black mouse, scarcely weighing a quarter of an ounce, to the old bull elephant of two tons. Enormously, to Europeans, it appears developed in the donder paade, or monster-toad, about a foot in length, and nearly three-quarters of a foot in breadth—the fine gentleman of the marshes. This toady—quite a duck—flaunts the gayest colours, showing himself with a spotted green back, set off by a yellow belly, and further variegated with a pair of large red eyes, which the Caffres say spit fire, perhaps "in a fine phrenzy rolling." But however glaring the outward adornment, the voice is not soft and wooing, but a most discordant croak. Report also states that a poisonous fluid is ejected, and tales are told of its deadly effects. Yet, as this has not been certainly verified, that we are aware of, the benefit of the doubt may be awarded to the smart aldermanic batrachian. But by far the most extraordinary object, owing to its mysterious power—the tsetse-fly—is encountered on approaching the tropic, though its range is chiefly beyond it. This insect, small and insignificant in appearance, not so large as our meat-fly, though with longer wings, is armed with a poison equal to that of the most deadly reptile, and is one of the greatest scourges to which the traveller is exposed. On man, indeed, its bite has no effect, more than that of a flea; but the domesticated animals, horses, cattle, and dogs, it surely kills. The strangest circumstance is, that all the wild quadrupeds, however analogous to its victims, as the zebras, buffaloes, and jackalls, either bear its bite with perfect impunity, or are not

attacked at all, as they feed undisturbed in the localities of the insect. The problem is at present perfectly inexplicable, what quality exists in domestication which renders domestic animals obnoxious to the poison? and why should man escape its evil influences, being the most domestic of all creatures?

Travellers have lost all their draught-oxen and horses by the tsetse, and have thus not only had their journey marred, but their personal safety endangered from the want of means of conveyance. Gordon Cumming was in this way completely stranded in the wilderness, and was indebted for his rescue to the timely arrival of assistance from Dr. Livingston, who heard of his predicament. The bold hunter referred to, thus described the effects of the fly-bite:—"One of my steeds," says he, "died of the tsetse. The head and body of the poor animal swelled up in a most distressing manner; his eyes were so swollen that he could not see; and in darkness, he neighed for his comrades who stood feeding beside him." In some instances, death takes place soon after the bite is inflicted; but more generally, it produces emaciation, blindness, and the animal perishes of exhaustion. The destructive pest is never or rarely found in the open country, but frequents hills, where there are bushes or reeds. It is fortunately confined to particular spots, and is never known to quit its haunts; so that cattle may graze securely on one side of a river, while the opposite bank swarms with the insect. The natives know the localities, and carefully avoid exposing their stock to them. The case of the tsetse-fly reminds us of the poisonous bug of Miana, in Persia. This diminutive plague is not known apart from the town and its immediate neighbourhood, and only causes ordinary annoyance to the natives. But its bite is mortal to strangers, sometimes producing speedy death, though more commonly a fatal wasting of the frame results. The Russian embassy of 1817, having occasion to pass Miana, pitched their tents three miles from it, on account of the terrible bugs.

More than four-score years elapsed, after the colonization of South Africa commenced, before any attempt was made to evangelize the natives. At last, in 1736, a Moravian missionary, good George Schmidt, wended his way to the Cape, and established himself at no great distance from it, in the interior. This was in Bavian's Kloof, the "Glen of Baboons," a name which was superseded by that of Genadendal, the "Vale of Grace," which is still retained. Here he addressed the Gospel to the Hottentots through the medium of an interpreter, founded a school for the instruction of their children, built himself a house, planted an orchard, and laboured for seven years, till circumstances compelled him to return to Europe. Half a century passed away before the mission was resumed, when three brethren of the same communion visited the spot. They found the house in ruins; yet the fruit-trees were flourishing, and a female convert survived, in age and feebleness, who through fifty long years had preserved the New Testament presented to her by Schmidt. One of his pear-trees remains to this day in the Vale of Grace. Dr. Vanderkemp and his coadjutors followed in 1799, and carried the truth into Caffre-land and the

Bushmen country. This reference to the beginnings of the Gospel must suffice. We have no space to sketch the extended missionary operations of our own countrymen, carried on with a resolution and faith which reminds one of apostolic times, and blessed with signal success. The reader must pass on with us to Kuruman, the missionary metropolis of a race of Bechuanas, situated about one hundred and fifty miles beyond the northern frontier of the Cape colony, founded by Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat of the London Society, in the year 1823.

A copious fountain is a thing of joy in a dry and thirsty land, where a cloud may not be seen for months, and twelve months pass away without a shower. Such a region is the one occupied by the Bechuanas. The early missionaries had to trudge for miles to obtain water for their daily use, and send their heavy linen a hundred miles to be washed. But such a fountain gushes near the Kuruman station, pure and wholesome, issuing from cavities in a rugged limestone rock. It forms one of the sources of a stream, which, after a course of some ten miles, is lost by evaporation and absorption in its bed, but formerly flowed into the Orange river. Near the fountain lies interred Mr. Kok, one of the first Dutch missionaries in the country, who, disheartened by the character of the people, took to sheep-farming, and was murdered by two aggrieved natives in his service, while looking after his flocks. Slowly the premises of the station arose, its founders working with their own hands, as carpenters, masons, thatchers, and smiths, in the midst of many troubles. They consist of a chapel, built of limestone, thatched with reeds and straw, completed in 1839; comfortable cottage residences; a school-house, smithery, and other offices, with walled and well-stocked gardens. A broad grass walk divides the premises on the one hand from the gardens on the other; and round the latter runs a range of lofty trees, resembling the Babylonian willow. A pleasant-looking place is Kuruman. For upwards of twenty years it has been a centre of light in a land of darkness, while often kindly mentioned by way-worn scientific and gentlemen travellers, Mr. Methuen, Dr. Andrew Smith and others, for the Christian hospitality of its inmates. At this spot Mrs. Livingston, daughter of Mr. Moffat, was nurtured; and here arrived in 1841 Dr. Livingston, who has opened from this starting-point a new world to the knowledge of his countrymen.

David Livingston was born in the year 1813, at Blantyre, a village in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where his father, Neil Livingston, now deceased, and his mother, Agnes Hunter, who still survives, long resided previous to their marriage. In youth, he exhibited the marks of a resolute and vigorous character; and the parents were frequently congratulated upon the promising conduct of their son. A portion of his time was spent in a cotton-factory, and the remainder in attending classes, both literary and medical, at the University of Glasgow. Much was he interested in the latter study, and such encouragement was given him to prosecute it, as under ordinary circumstances would have led to his establishment as a practitioner in his native country. But the purpose had been previously formed to devote him-



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. DR. LIVINGSTON, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAYALL EXPRESSLY FOR THIS JOURNAL.

self to the cause of missions; and in the year 1837, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society. This offer being accepted, he continued his studies, both ministerial and medical, under its auspices; obtained his medical diploma; was ordained as an evangelist to South Africa; and sailed early in 1841, for his destined sphere of labour, in the ship "George." In the April of that year, the missionary landed at Port Elizabeth, on the west coast of Algoa Bay, with a brave heart and high objects in view, though little appreciating at that time the perils and fatigue to be encountered in penetrating the unknown lands of a region "whose soil is fire, and wind a flame." Dangers from exposure to intense heat, from length of way, from hostile and treacherous natives, from wild animals and venomous snakes, from starvation, from the dire torment of thirst, from miasmatic swamps, and from disease, in various forms, have been confronted by this remarkable man, with a fearlessness which provokes admiration, and with a success in which the blessing of Providence upon his mission is signally apparent. From the coast, Dr. Livingston proceeded to Kuruman, where, for the present, we leave him, and shall resume the narrative of his progress in our next number.

THE SKETCHER IN MANCHESTER.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE amusements of the populace form a prominent subject of remark among the social usages of the cotton capital. A very large proportion of the labouring community are released from their labour, by Act of Parliament, at six o'clock in the evening: so great and practical a discountenancing of the system of late working has had its effect on other employers than those of factory labour; and the result is, that multitudes of working men and women, greater beyond comparison, in proportion to the rest of the population, than the working men and women of other cities, are in a condition to devote the evenings of every day in the week to purposes of recreation and amusement. We have seen that those who acquiesced in awarding this leisure to the worker are not open to the charge of neglecting to provide him with the means of turning it to a profitable use. For those who have the sense to devote their leisure to purposes of improvement, there are literary institutions and scientific and educational classes; there are free libraries, where reading-rooms are open for their accommodation, and whence they may borrow books to read at home; and there are museums for the study of geology and natural history, and whatever is curious or ancient in the history of man and the world he inhabits. Unhappily (and the misfortune is not peculiar to Manchester) it is but a comparatively small section of the multitude who choose to walk in this narrow way; the crowd invariably prefers a present gratification to a prospective advantage; and whoever can amuse them most will be sure to obtain the sympathies and carry off the suffrages of the majority.

With so large a populace to be amused, and to be amused constantly, it is no marvel that, both within and around Manchester and its attendant townships, the places of recreation are both large

and numerous. Without attempting to catalogue or classify them, we shall take the liberty of dropping in upon one or two, which will serve to show us the character of the excitement to which the wants and the despotic demands of the working man have given birth; for we hold it as an axiom, that it is the audience which creates the entertainment in which they delectate, and that they, as much as those who cater for their enjoyments, are responsible for its *morale*.

We are passing the door of a public-house surrounded by a crowd of boys and lads, when we are startled by the sudden clapping of a thousand palms together, accompanied by a chorus of laughter from as many voices. Entering at an open door, and proceeding along a dusty passage, we are stopped, on turning the corner, by a closed wicket in charge of a youth sitting at a desk, who demands twopence for the right of entrance. The twopence entitles us to a brass token, which passes for the same amount within. We proceed onwards, and, mounting a single flight of stairs, find ourselves in a building of a singular construction, which, were it empty, might pass for a chapel, a lecture-room, or a theatre, though it resembles neither of them very closely; but which, being crammed with some twelve or fourteen hundred people, very characteristically occupied, saves us the trouble of guessing at its purpose. The interior consists of a pit, partly level and partly raised at the further end, and capable of containing from four to five hundred people, seated on benches ranged closely together. Above the pit is a gallery, which covers in, at a low elevation, more than two-thirds of it, and extends round three sides of the inclosure. Above the first gallery is a second, equally broad and roomy, and separated from the first by an interval of but a few feet. Pit, galleries, and the passages leading to them, are all filled to overflowing with the working men and women and boys and girls of Manchester. They are in the height of enjoyment, and laughter and another boisterous kind of frolic runs from side to side. Every other man, and almost every boy, has a pipe stuck in his mouth, and clouds of smoke, thickening the atmosphere, billow up from beneath the galleries, and obscure the view of the platform, and off the gaudily-painted picture which confronts the audience. The entertainment has already endured above an hour, and at the moment of our entrance the plaudits which rewarded the exertions of the last performer, a favourite vocalist, are subsiding, and the delights of harmony are giving place for a time to those of eating and drinking and smoking, and to the interchange of a rather equivocal species of politeness, bawled from back to front, and from nethermost pit to uppermost gallery, with stentorian power of voice. Waiters are active in various directions supplying the company with the liquors in demand, and which consist of ale, porter, ginger-beer, lemonade, hot coffee, or spirits from a black bottle, for a draught of either of which the universal tender seems to be the brass token received at the wicket in lieu of the entrance money, or the same sum which purchased the token. Cakes, buns, and cigars are obtainable on the same terms. The benches are so close together, and the building is so crammed, that it were impossible for the

waiters to force a passage through; this they do not attempt, but, loaded as they are with baskets and steaming trays, swarm in a manner along the tops of the stout handrails and uprights of the seat fittings. Loud cries for ale, coffee, and "pop," are heard incessantly up stairs and down, and every one appears anxious to make sure of the value of his or her brass token before another performer shall step out on the platform and compel the withdrawal of the waiters. There is no hurry, however, and a quarter of an hour elapses, during which the clamour subsides to a considerable extent before the "coming man" makes his appearance. But he comes on at length, in the person of a starved and emaciated poet, in a suit of faded black gaping at the elbows, armholes and knees, and starred from top to toe with fluttering patches, which every motion threatens to dispart from the threadbare fabric. He has a tale of sorrow to tell, which he half sings to the accompaniment of violin and harp, and half recites in a tone of maudlin comicality. Every sentence he utters contains a broad joke or a covert satire, and the adventures he has to relate are of so ridiculous a kind that it is difficult not to laugh, and everybody does laugh accordingly. Whether he sing or recite, he pours out voluble floods of rhyme with a rapidity unequalled, and with an apparent impromptu utterance, which may be well studied notwithstanding. He descants upon a variety of domestic subjects, and lugs in the callings of the artisan classes, now glorifying them by grand similitudes, illustrating them by political parallels, or making them the medium of sarcastic reflections upon the powers that be. All this is exceedingly well relished, and he finally makes his bow under cover of the thunderous applause which it elicits. On the whole, there is not much that is objectionable in the language of this whimsical display, and there are few of us who would be so fastidious as not to laugh at it heartily, on the same principle and with as good reason as we would laugh over the engravings of Hogarth, if they were to confront us at an evening party or at our own fireside.

What follows, however, will not admit of the same apology. When there has been another pause for the distribution of the eatables and drinkables, and the redemption of the brass tokens, a man comes forward clad in a ridiculous garb, who, ignorant or defiant of the maxim that "want of decency is want of sense," makes a display of his ignorance and grossness by chanting a song abounding in expressions that ought never to be uttered, and teeming with allusions offensive to good manners. The worst of it is, that these abominable demonstrations are not only tolerated by the audience, but received with rapturous welcome, in the presence of sweethearts, wives, and mothers! Nothing can speak louder than this fact to the moral degradation of the assembly to whose nightly encouragement it is attributable: were there a spark of true manliness among them, they would resent the introduction of unclean ribaldry at their assemblies, and this guilt would not lie at their door.

A ventriloquist comes on next, who maintains a conversation with two dolls, one sitting on each knee; this man ventriloquises in the Lancashire

dialect, but in other respects exhibits a remarkable proficiency in his curious but useless calling. Like his predecessor, however, he condescends to pander to the gross tastes of the audience, who applaud him most when he most oversteps the bounds of decency. By this time it is growing late; the smoke from some hundreds of pipes has raised a cloud which half veils the figure on the platform; five hundred tongues begin running at once under the influence of the too liberal libations; the atmosphere becomes acrid and almost scalding hot, and breatheable only by lungs inured to it; these symptoms, and indications not to be mistaken of jars and bickerings in one or two quarters, which threaten to ripen into quarrels, admonish us that we have had enough of it; and not without some difficulty we succeed in sidling and elbowing our way down-stairs and into the fresh air.

On a subsequent evening we make another experiment in a different part of the town. Here we find the scene of amusement in a building fitted up much in the style of a chapel or lecture-room, and capable of containing nearly two thousand persons. There are two prices for admission, the gallery, which is levelled for a promenade, being rated at double the value of the pit. The entertainment is much of the same nature as that above described, and, as in the other place, the chief part of the amusement appears to consist in waiting for what is to come. Here, however, the refreshments are not borne about by waiters, but are sold at stalls near the entrance, where the ticket passes current for the sum paid for it at the door. The promenade upstairs being appropriated to select company, the use of clay pipes is interdicted, by an admonition to that effect posted up in large letters, which, however, has no tendency to diminish the amount of smoking. The company upstairs is evidently of a more decent and sober class, and we observe among them some entire families, whose presence in such a scene of smoke and tumult speaks but poorly for the domestic attractions at home.

We mount an omnibus one fine afternoon, and are rattled for three miles or so along a lamentably paved road east of the city, on our route to a place of popular amusement, celebrated not only in Manchester but in neighbouring districts, and visited during the summer, on occasions when the attractions are of a superior kind, by tens of thousands at a time. We alight at what appears to be a respectable road-side tavern, and on paying sixpence at the door are allowed to pass on to the grounds in the rear. These are laid out as gardens, and are in extent nearly equal to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. The area is tolerably well planted, is rich in flowers, shrubs, and evergreens, and is diversified with shady avenues and agreeable walks. It contains a valuable collection of animals and birds, among which are a happy family of monkeys in a monster cage; a discordant family of the parrot tribe in a mansion by themselves; some pole-climbing bears sunk in pits, and a group of pelicans roaming at large. There are, besides, the usual inmates of a travelling menagerie—lions, lionesses, panthers, leopards, rhinoceroes, wolves, etc. In the den of a lion, a magnanimous-looking brute, is a little terrier dog, who lives on the best terms with

the king of beasts, and whose history, as related by one of the keepers, affords an interesting episode in canine experience. About a twelvemonth ago the terrier, an abandoned and starving pup, was picked up by some one and thrown to the lion for food. Instead of devouring his victim, the lion took compassion upon him, allowed him a part of his own provisions, cherished him as a companion, and has lived in harmony with him ever since. The dog, who is in capital condition, leaves the den occasionally for a ramble with the keeper, but returns of his own accord, when tired, to the lair of his friend.

While we have been making our observations, crowds have been pouring into the gardens from fresh omnibuses and the adjacent railway station, and a sudden burst of music from a band of wind instruments attracts them to a huge central saloon whence the sounds proceed. This saloon is the largest floored and covered area we remember to have seen for a recreative purpose; whether it exceeds Westminster Hall in size, and by how much, we cannot say: but we are informed that it will seat five thousand persons at a concert, and that a thousand dancers have been seen tripping in it at once. Dancing is going on as we enter—not under any system of order, or even of mutual agreement, but in detached groups and parties, some of them of the oddest description. Here a family of young children are leaping and jumping round the mother; here a couple of engineer's apprentices, in working garb and smutty unwashed skin, are clasping each other by the waist and polking it in muddy boots, ponderous with iron soles. It is liberty-hall, and everybody does as he likes, without let, hindrance, or remark.

Passing through the wide saloon, we find ourselves standing on the margin of a lake, bounded on the opposite side by a grand panoramic view of the city and harbour of Sebastopol, and the storming of the Malakhoff and the Redan by the French and English forces. The painting, which is well executed, must be near five hundred feet in length, and, as a near approach is prevented by the water, shows with excellent effect. There will be a discharge of fireworks from behind the Malakhoff soon after dark, illustrative of the final successful assault.

In the mean time the company are making themselves comfortable according to their bent. For the curious, there is plenty to look at; for the dancers, there is incessant music; and for the hungry and thirsty, there is refreshment at a price at which the poorest need not complain. The tariff of charges is, in fact, not the least of the curiosities of the place; milk, tea, coffee, bread, butter, and sandwiches, cost in the gardens scarcely a fraction more than they would cost at home. Cheapness, as we have occasion to notice wherever we go, is never forgotten in connection with the amusements of the Manchester people; and this is probably the principal reason why they are so much followed.

The recreations above described are for the most part those of the lowest class of persons who ever pay for recreation at all; and we have been induced to visit and describe them because we are of opinion that much real mischief is done by ignoring their existence, as it is the fashion to do.

It should be borne in mind that the people *will* be amused in their hours of relaxation; that a very large proportion of them are open to impressions of an improving and elevating tendency, only through the medium of their amusements, because they will not be at the trouble of resorting to any other means. The amusements of this large class, as we have seen, instead of being sources of improvement, are of a demoralizing tendency; and the chief cause of this is their being left to their own guidance, and to the indulgence of those who make a profit by pandering to a vicious taste. What is wanted is a large and persevering experiment in another direction. Surely the returns which will pay a publican for nightly supplies of grossness and ribaldry, served up with bad ale and apocryphal coffee, would pay for a better article. Instead of indecent recitations, let us have familiar expositions of common subjects, or readings from lively and instructive authors, with an occasional lecture on the topics of the day, varied with a two-penny concert of simple, understandable music, now and then. We have faith, and could give a reason for it, that an experiment of this kind would support itself, and would operate usefully in thinning the nightly throngs alluded to. We commend the experiment to the philanthropic spirit of Manchester.

FIRE DAMP.

By what perversity of feeling can it be that no one has yet given dignity to the sufferings which noxious avocations beget?—the noxious avocations of peace, I mean; for martial paeans have been sung frequently and loudly enough. Why is it that the soldier and the sailor come in for all the honours which are given in reward at the risk of life? A campaign over, there are medals for the living brave, there are memoirs and monuments for the dead. Their deeds are inscribed on the pages of history, and incorporated with the world's annals; but for the poor grinder of forks and needles, who after a life of suffering and high wages dies usually an aged man before forty summers have shone upon him, for him there is no honour and little sympathy—none save in the heart of the philanthropist, who compassionates his doom. Yet, sad and terrifying thoughts arise when we reflect on the trades and avocations deemed indispensable to civilization, and which seriously compromise the health of those engaged in them, and of course their lives. Some day the attention of the readers of this journal may be solicited to the specialities of the noxious occupations of peace; at the present time it is of coal-mines and their terrors, which have so recently again startled and pained the public mind in the case of the Lundhill colliery explosion, that I purpose to write.

A popular description of fire-damp accidents would be likely to deceive the ordinary reader. The word "damp" is confusing; for how, it may be demanded, can dampness be akin to explosion? A coal-miner, again, will tell you that such and such a mine is full of sulphur—meaning the fire-damp. In what manner, then, some person may reasonably demand, are dampness and sulphur connected? The exposition of the case is this: sul-

phur is a mere conventional term—it has nothing whatever to do with the fire-damp; and as for the word “damp,” it is a slight modification of the German word “dampf,” which simply means vapour. Really, it is a gas, as we shall hereafter see; but, after all, gases and vapours are so nearly allied, that there is not much to be said against the designation.

Most people, I suppose, are aware that the combustible invisible gas with which we illuminate our streets and our houses is sometimes got from coals by distillation. If this gas be consumed, as it issues from a burner or jet, there is not the slightest danger. The flame burns tranquilly, like the flame of a lamp or a candle, and, apart from certain noxious emanations peculiar to gas, it is just as harmless; but if illuminative gas be permitted to escape into the air and to mix with the latter, there is imminent danger of an explosion whenever it comes in contact with a light. Accordingly, it too frequently happens that accidents arise from this cause, and when such accidents do occur, they are terrible, as several recent instances testify. Having stated thus much, I shall anticipate no difficulty in explaining the nature and operation of the fire-damp.

Were I to say that the very same gas which is generated from coal by distillation, also occurs naturally in certain coal-mines, the assertion would not be absolutely correct. It would be so nearly correct, however, that we may accept it as a starting-point of future explanations. I shall accordingly do so. Mineral or pit coal is of various kinds, as the housekeeper and the engineer can discover. Certain varieties burn with a bright clear glowing, something like that of charcoal, evolving little smoke; other varieties, on the contrary, melt and puff out large volumes of fuliginous matter, which latter, in their turn, take fire, and constitute the cheerful blaze so agreeable to our eyes and feelings. The glowing varieties of coal which evolve little smoke are useful for many purposes, especially for heating steam-engine boilers; but of all varieties of coal, the housekeeper likes to possess the smoke-puffing, cooking sort. Now, in proportion as coal has the quality of cooking, and evolving smoke when burned in a fireplace, so has it the tendency to evolve gas whilst yet in the mine. The workman no sooner drives his pick into the carbonaceous wall, than he gives exit to an accumulation of long-imprisoned destructive gas. It is not the fire-damp yet, but the germ of it—only acquiring explosive properties after admixture with atmospheric air.

The quantities of combustible gas locked up in this way amidst seams of coal, must be enormous. This is evidenced, not merely by the terrible accidents of which coal-mines are unfortunately too often the scene, but by the force with which the gas escapes from individual orifices, in the condition of blowers, as the jets of gas are technically called. Some idea of the force with which the gas, hereafter to become fire-damp, rushes forth from a blower, may be formed from consideration of a trick, sometimes played by coal-miners on each other. A hat being taken and held against one of these blowers, the crown of the hat is usually blown out. A blower once established in a coal-mine, on a less violent escape of gas, danger is

imminent. The gas cannot be prevented mingling with the air; and no sooner have they mingled in certain proportions, than the aerial mixture, though still capable of being inspired without much inconvenience, is far more dangerous than gunpowder, if flame be brought in its way.

Now comes the difficulty. Light the miner must have; and as he is far below the influence of daylight, he must obtain it from some artificial source. What, then, is to be done, if the dreaded “sulphur,” as he calls the fire-damp, be present in the mine? Flame, and flame only, is able to set fire to a gas-jet. How often have we all proved the truth of this when attempting to light our domestic gas-burners by a lighted scroll of paper! Just as we apply the lighted paper to the issuing gas, the flame of our scroll goes out; and though the embers remain glowing, though the gas freely comes in contact with the incandescent paper, the gas is unable to light. Starting from this fact, it was the custom formerly to rely exclusively for illumination in dangerous coal-mines on the shower of sparks given off by an instrument called the steel mill, consisting of a cylinder of steel, with a means for causing it to rotate against a piece of flint. The result will be obvious. Some of us are perhaps yet old enough to remember how lights were struck before lucifers, congraves, and other varieties of friction matches came in. A piece of flint, struck against a bar of steel, the sparks made to fall upon tinder, and a brimstone match applied to the latter whilst glowing, furnished the necessary means of lighting our daily fires. A steel mill is nothing more than the old domestic method of striking a light, improved and elaborated. The steel mill, however, gives a sorry light; the miner craves something more luminous, and no matter how great the danger, at whatever cost he will have it.

England has a bad notoriety for the danger of its coal-mines. In the coal-fields of France and Germany the danger of fire-damp is almost unknown. America, too, has enormous fields of coal, though American coal-mines are rarely infested by the fire-damp; but in our country, the danger from this scourge has been great at all times; and during the life of our celebrated chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, accidents from this cause were so frequent and so terrible, that he set himself the task of discovering the conditions under which the flame of a lamp might be used in coal-mines with safety. Hence arose the safety-lamp, or the Davy lamp, as it is more frequently denominated by coal-miners. Though it will be my duty presently to indicate some shortcomings of the Davy lamp, to demonstrate the circumstances under which it is not safe, and to show that accidents may frequently arise from relying too implicitly on its protection, nevertheless it was a grand discovery, and, like most other grand discoveries, the conditions on which it is based are very simple. I shall now proceed to make them evident by a few simple illustrations.

If into the flame of a candle I thrust a wire of considerable size—a knitting-needle, for example—the metal becomes hot at the expense of the flame itself, which necessarily becomes cooler by the reduction of its own temperature. Observe another thing: the candle smokes—a small matter

seemingly, but really of great importance, pointing to the construction of the safety-lamp. The same piece of wire may be made to afford still more close illustrations. Bending one end of it into a ring form, thus:



a little larger or a little smaller, according to the dimensions of the flame operated upon, holding it above the flame, and gradually lowering it in such a manner that if the process of lowering were continued the ring would encircle the wick, the cooling effect of the metal on the wick will be still further evidenced. The candle-flame will be unable to pass through the metallic loop, though smoke will still be seen to rise, and may be ignited if a light be applied to it on the upper part of the ring. These experiments teach us that a



certain minimum of temperature is necessary to the existence of flame, and if the temperature be diminished below that minimum, the flame expires. From this it seemed evident to Davy, that by surrounding a burning wick with a system of metallic rings or meshes, the flame would be securely imprisoned, though a portion of the light would come through. He brought these indications to bear, and, applying them to practice, he constructed the safety-lamp.

A drawing of this instrument is represented underneath. It consists of an ordinary lamp,



surrounded by a cage of wire-gauze, a material which presents under the most convenient form the system of metallic orifices which practice suggests as necessary to insure the desired result. If a lighted lamp of this sort be surrounded by an aerial mixture ever so explosive, and allowed to remain at rest, through the wire-gauze sheath the flame cannot go: it is no less effectually imprisoned within the lamp than it would have been had a cage of unperforated metal stood in place of the wire-gauze. Under the conditions indicated,

the lamp is completely and absolutely safe. Then, under what conditions is it not safe—when does it fail? We will see.

Take a piece of camphor, lay it upon a plate, and light it. Now hold above it a piece of wire-gauze, and gradually lower the gauze upon the burning camphor. The flame will be seen to decrease, to be diminished downwards, though copious fumes of camphor will rise, and appear on the upper side of the gauze. But if we now vary the experiment a little, lighting a piece of camphor as before, and jerking the wire-gauze downwards, the flame can be generally made to pass through. If the reader happen to possess a real Davy lamp and a jet of illuminative gas, an experiment may be performed still more illustrative of the danger of subjecting the instrument to a gaseous current. The jet of gas being made to strike horizontally against the sides of the lamp, the gas rushes through, comes in contact with the flame inside, lights, and completely fills the protective sheath. If now the lamp be suddenly taken away with a jerk, the outside jet of gas will generally ignite.

Now, it is easy to perceive that a Davy lamp, when used in the galleries of a coal mine, must be frequently exposed to inflammable currents. There are the blowers issuing from the carbonaceous walls; there are aerial draughts caused by ventilative means, and necessary to the respiration of the miner; there are the draughts produced by walking or running with the lamp suspended from the hand; and, lastly, there are draughts caused by waving the lamp to and fro. The last condition is unnecessary and preventible, some people may say; it nevertheless will infallibly occur sometimes. Owing to another cause, moreover, the Davy lamp may become a source of danger. The fact has transpired before coroners' juries, that rather than forego the pleasure of smoking, they will light their pipes by holding them close to the wire-gauze, and sucking the flame through. Were this not a fact testified to by abundant evidence, it would seem incredible; it furnishes another example of the recklessness of exposure to danger which habit begets.

There are yet other causes determining the ignition of fire-damp. Sometimes the wire-gauze part of the lamp is injured by knocks or blows, thus reducing it to the condition of an ordinary lamp at once. Sometimes again, in order to obtain more light, the miner removes the sheath; indeed, there is a constant struggle going on between the workmen and the overseers concerning the adoption of measures necessary to the miners' own safety. Not unfrequently the fire-damp is ignited by the flame of gunpowder employed in dislodging masses of coal. In short, the coal miner who works in excavations where the dreaded enemy is present, exposes himself daily to far greater danger than the soldier in battle, or the operative who works in a gunpowder mill. There is not, in short, one peaceful occupation which can compare with that of extracting coal from (to use the miners' own expression) "a sulphury mine."

It would be pleasing if the scientific philanthropist could here hold out hopes of remedying the evil or rendering its presence less dangerous.

Truth obliges me to admit that the expectation of achieving this good result is slight. Various modifications of and improvements on the Davy lamp have been devised, some efficient enough in the lecture room, and based on principles to which the theorist could not take exception; but owing to their complexity of form, the diminished light which they yield, or some other cause, they find but limited adoption in the coal mine. On the whole, perhaps, a system of efficient ventilation seems to promise the greatest measure of success; but even in carrying out this there is a difficulty. Neither lamps nor candles, we all are aware, can be kept lighted in a strong current of wind: moreover, supposing the fire-damp to be present and the safety lamp in use, we have already seen what additional dangers accrue from the existence of an aerial current. Very unsatisfactory is it to leave the question of fire-damp in this undecided state. The philanthropist would like to feel warranted in heralding the hope that a scourge so terrible as this, attending as it does a necessary branch of human industry, might be robbed of some of its dangers. I have faith that this will be accomplished some day, for God rarely imposes difficulties on man without furnishing means of overcoming them. Would that the time were come!

ASCENT OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHRENS.

THE following passage, giving an account of a climb to the summit of the second of the great Egyptian pyramids, by an enterprising traveller, who visited that land before it became a resort for the tourist and the health-seeker, will be read with interest, as an instance of what may be achieved by boldness and intrepidity; although, as a feat imperilling life without any adequate object, it must be ranked in the class of rash and foolhardy enterprises.

"I had already," says the writer, "ascended the pyramid of Cheops, as every other traveller has done; and I now felt an inclination to mount that of Chephrenes, because no other European had ever yet ventured: that idea alone was sufficient to stimulate a lieutenant in the navy, and Macdonnel and myself determined upon the attempt. The upper part of the pyramid of Chephrenes presents an inclined plane, and I had found it an effectual obstacle to my advancement in my former visit: an Arab, it is true, had offered to go to the top if I paid for it, which I declined, not anticipating any gratification from seeing a man perpetually in danger. There are some Arabs who are celebrated for the performance, and are distinguished by the name of (I believe) Butrists: we sent for two of them, and they engaged to assist us. The steps on the north side are much worn by the pelting sand, and the havoc of those who have searched for an entrance; we therefore ascend on the south side, and arrive, without much difficulty, at that point which travellers generally attain. The steps henceforth are cut away as with a plane, not even a ledge is left; and to form an idea of the whole, you must fancy the pyramid of Caius Sestus smoother than a slated roof, and placed at such a height from the earth, that the slightest false step would occasion a fall double what it would be from the top of the Monument. Such a barrier as this would be insuperable, were it not that time and Arabs have crumbled away the *edges* of most of the stones, so that a line of holes may assist you in the ascent; but these stones themselves are in some

places three feet thick, and not every tier of which has a hole in it; and where there is a hole, the stone is liable to crumble: the first toe hole is at the height of three feet, and the first finger hole above six. One of our guides, a tall powerful man, drew himself up by strength of arm, and, looking down upon us, told us sarcastically to reduce our dress to that of an Arab, if we still persisted in our determination, but no Franc, not even an Englishman, had ever ventured. We had already found a vulture's nest—a convincing argument that the road was not much travelled, even by Arabs. It was now mid-day, and the stones were burning hot, the first finger hole was higher than I could reach, and would have afforded me a good excuse for receding; but the guide, supporting himself with one hand, laid hold of my wrist with the other, and drew me to a landing spot. It is the '*premier pas qui coûte*': I had passed the Rubicon—I forgot the heat of the stones, but still attempted to dissuade Macdonnel; however he would not listen to me: and with each a guide in advance, and climbing in a zigzag direction according to the holes, we reached the top in about three quarters of an hour. We found only one other step similar to the '*premier pas*'; and, for the assistance of ourselves and those who may come after us, we broke away whatsoever we could. I have already described the top of the neighbouring pyramid, Cheops, as presenting a surface more than thirty feet square, and from which probably eight layers of stones have been cast down: the top of this has lost a few, and but very few stones. The pyramid of Cheops presents a traveller's directory in all languages, on *this* there is only one inscription, it is in Arabic or Coptic. We did not tarry long here, for there is not much room to stand, and I was clinging to a stone fearful of vertigo and of being blown over; I consequently proposed to return before my courage should cool. To descend *safely* is much more difficult than to mount, and the two super-dangerous places excited no little fear: at the first of them, while my body was dangling from my fingers' ends, and my feet feeling in vain for a resting-place, and while I was calculating upon how soon I should fall, the guide tore me down very much against my will, holding me as he would have held a child over the railings of the Monument. The time occupied was about two hours.

"I ask permission to give some proofs of the real or imaginary difficulty of the undertaking: the Arabs in the neighbourhood of Cairo are much bolder than elsewhere, and even make a practice of hooting and laughing at Franks. Macdonnel and myself, in our return towards the river, became the butts of some labourers in the fields: our guides, who were still in company, informed them that we had been to the top of the pyramid of Chephrenes, and the tongue of ridicule became immediately silent.

'And when they talk of *it* they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.'

Even the consul requested Mr. Hobbouse and others to certify having seen us at the top. Nothing," the traveller adds, "would tempt him to repeat his rash feat!"

EVIL COMPANY.

THE following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:—Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his daughter to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you

imagine we could be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold the beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened; and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, will blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

AN ANECDOTE FOR SWEARERS.

"WHAT does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and to risk losing your own soul (gradually rising in emphasis), and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

THE COLPORTEUR.

UNDER his burden bending,
With footsteps weary and sore,
A labouring man is wending
His way on the darksome moor;
But a Hand unseen and a Light within
Beckon him on before:

Making the road seem shorter,
Making the darkness day,
For he is a blessed Colporteur,
Out on his sacred way—
Bearing the word of the living Lord
To the regions far away.

To the people in darkness pining
Under the shadow of death,
A burning light, and a shining
Beacon across their path;
The coat on his back, and his well-filled pack,
All the provision he hath.

Called by the poor a pedlar,
Called by the rich a tramp,
To the bigot, a would-be meddler,
To the scoffer, only a scamp;
All honour the more, for he carries the war
Into the enemy's camp;

Scaling him by the barrier,
Mining him in the ditch,
Or, like a true-bred warrior,
Meeting him in the breach,
Armed with the sword of the winning word,
Satan to over-reach!

And out on the early morrow,
Or over the first cock-crow,
When forth to the farm and furrow
The children of labour go,
With wallet in hand will he take his stand,
The seed of the word to sow.

In the shade of the rural byeway,
In the shine of the village mead,
In the town and the public highway,
Wherever a man may tread,
Alike at the door of the rich and poor,
Sowing the precious seed.

And some shall fall in the thicket,
Some in the open wild,
For the wandering fowl to peck it,
Or shrivel it up the cold;
But some shall take root, and bear good fruit,
Even a hundred-fold!

Such is the blessed Colporteur,
Covering up the nude,
To the thirsty bearing water,
And to the famishing food;
Of the sick and in ward, in the name of the Lord,
Cheering the solitude.

J. W. HOLME.

ANSWERS TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA,

NO. XVIII.

CIRTA.—1, Cusco; 2, Ipswich; 3, Rhodes; 4, Toledo; 5, Angrogne.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

NO. XIX.

A monarch equally renowned as a warrior and legislator. He won his kingdom by force of arms, and resolved to extend it by conquest. Finding his career stopped by a small and barren territory, he bent the whole force of his policy and valour to subdue its defenders. His first efforts were successful, and the capital city surrendered; but thousands rose in arms to punish the bold invader, and a long and fierce war ensued, which disordered the whole civilized world. The monarch coped successfully with the greatest heroes of the age, and died unconquered. He was a noble and courteous prince, and his generosity was acknowledged by his foes.

(The above may be solved by identifying the subjoined characters, whose initials supply the successive letters of the name required.)

1. The barbarous general by whose orders Ismail was pillaged and its inhabitants massacred.
2. A learned Englishman, the friend of Charlemagne.
3. The founder of the Jesuits.
4. A famous library, twice destroyed by fire; the second time by barbarians, who used the books as fuel to heat their baths.
5. An admiral in the Spanish service, who took the stronghold of the African pirates, and liberated twenty thousand Christian slaves.
6. The ancient name of Napoleon's island kingdom.
7. The prince of natural philosophers.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

NO. XX.

An ancient city which, like Gibraltar, is the key of a European peninsula. It was formerly illustrious and powerful, and was proverbial for its wealth and luxury. It was the scene of a sanguinary conflict B.C. 394. It was twice stormed and taken before the Christian era, and its subjugation to the Roman power contributed greatly to the downfall of the nation to which it belonged. Julius Caesar rebuilt it, and it had again become an important place when an apostle preached there. It was sacked by the barbarians. Two European powers contended for it, and twice wrested it from each other. It is now decayed almost to insignificance.

(The above may be solved by identifying the subjoined places, the initials of which supply the successive letters of the name required.)

1. The prison of a captive king, A.D. 1647.
2. A fortified seaport, now in the possession of the French, famous for its siege and capture by a Spanish ecclesiastic, A.D. 1508.
3. The birthplace of Ariosto.
4. The birthplace of Roger Bacon.
5. Ancient games, in which the victors were crowned with green parsley.
6. A Spanish river which derives its name from its colour. Its waters petrify near their source, and no fish will live in them.
7. The celebrated forest which, in ancient times, extended from Switzerland to Russia.